

PS

3509

L567N5

1919



NIGHT
MAGIC

AND
OTHER
POEMS



RUTH ELLIOT

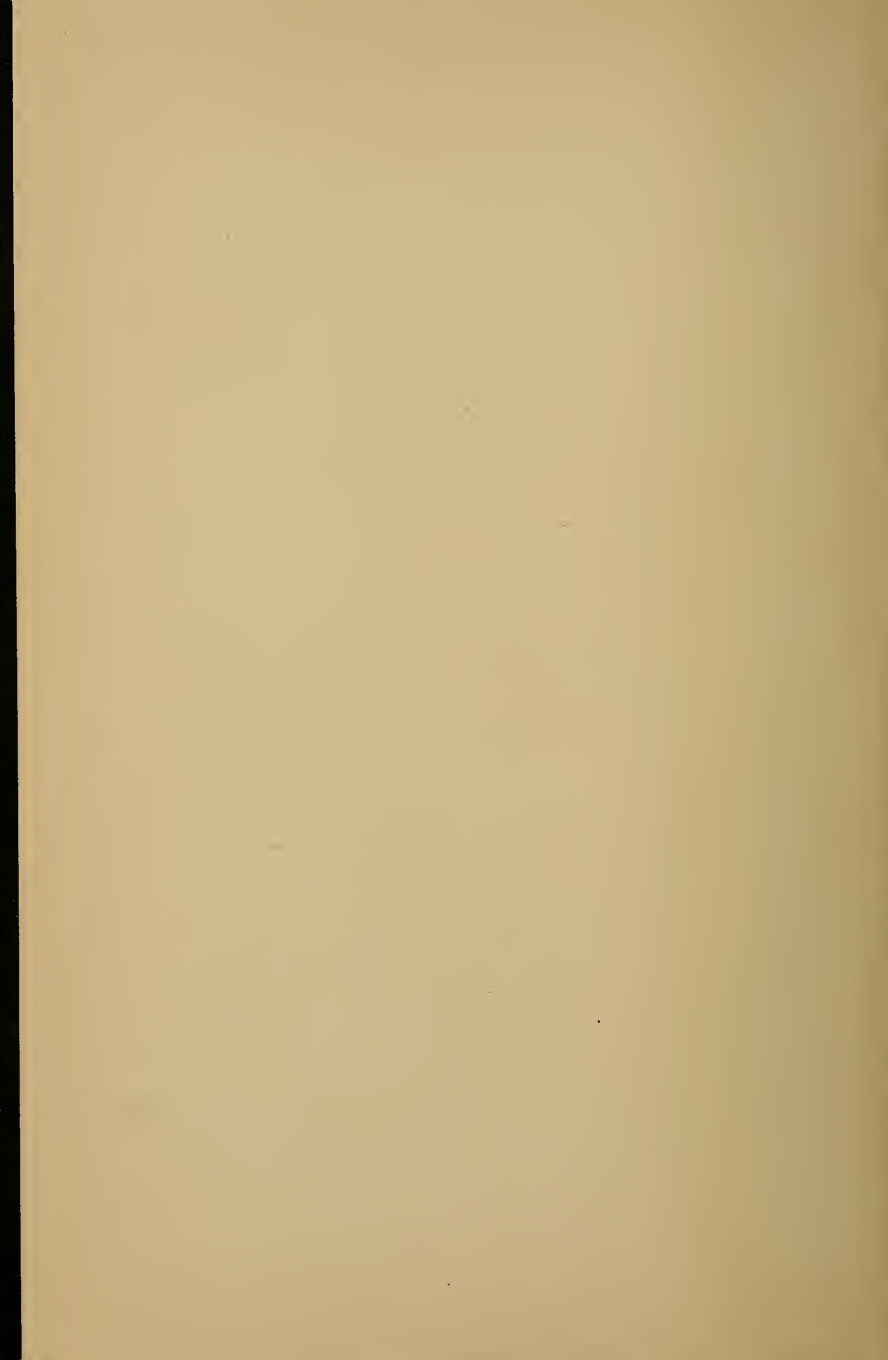


Class PS 3509

Book L 567 N 5

Copyright N^o 1919

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT



Night Magic and Other Poems

BY
RUTH ELLIOT



BOSTON
The Stratford Co., Publishers
1919

PS 3509
.L567N5
1919

Copyright 1919
The STRATFORD CO., Publishers
Boston, Mass.



The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

MAY 12 1919
©CL.A515492

\$1.00

no 1

Contents

SONGS OF THE OUT O' DOORS	PAGE
Night Magic	1
The Song of the Roving Foot	2
Retreat	3
The Call of Spring	5
The Herd Girl	6
Nightfall	7
The Storm	8
A Blind Man's Thanksgiving	10
Living	12
The Storm	13
The Conqueror	14
His Trail	17
Hope	19
Tramping	20
Morning	21
Spring	22
LOVE LYRICS	
Rebirth	25
Homage	27
To a Soldier	28
"I Love You Still"	30

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Come Back Love	31
Praise	32
A Man's Man	33
A Woman's Prayer	34
I Love Him	35
Consolation	36
Prayer	37
Flood	38
Enlightment	39
Disillusion	40
To You	41
CHILD POEMS	
The Potato Bug	45
Falling Down	46
The Deer Head	47
Relief	48
Lullaby	49
Little Boy Blue	50
Lullaby	51
MISCELLANEOUS	
Messengers of Peace	55
Christmas Morn	56
Christmas Hymn	57
Prayer	59
Just Smile!	60

Night Magic

WHEN the wail of the swamps and the
marsh-hen's call,
And the moan of the southern pine
All meet 'neath the rays of a yellow moon,
And the charm of a hoot-owl's whine
In the magic sway of a southern night,
And the call of the southern sea,
There's a thrill to life and a rush of joy
That's a breath of eternity.

NIGHT MAGIC

The Song of the Roving Foot

WHEN you hear the call of the Roving
Foot,

It's up and it's far away;

When you follow where roads wind over the
plain,

From dawn 'til set of day.

For the Song of the Roving Foot is loud,

And it sings with a siren call,

Though the lure of the home and the heart is
strong

'Tis a song that can still them all.

So at the call of the Roving Foot,

It's up and it's far away,

'Tis the call of Life leads over the road,

From dawn 'til the set of day.

OTHER POEMS

Retreat

THERE where the sea-gull dips his wing,
There where the passing breezes sing,
Their lullaby of rest,

There where the blue-fringed gentians vie
With deeper blue of wave and sky
Is Nature wholly blest.

High o'er the lily's flaming lips,
Light as he darts, the hummer dips,
Or butterfly awing;
Past where the blue-bell nods its head,
Past where the berries cluster red,
The pines and the waters sing.

Late when the moon is swinging low,
Sending its path o'er the waters, slow
On the heels of the dancing wave,
Swings a canoe, and its paddle's dip
Silently vies with the slip-slap-slip
Of the water's listless lave.

NIGHT MAGIC

There where the night sends out its peace,
 There where the day brings quick release
From fretting cares that bind,
There where the world seems far away,
There where we may have faith for aye,
 Soul-happiness we find.

OTHER POEMS

The Call of Spring

THE winds call over the plains, my lass,
The green spreads over the hills,
The birds are calling to us, my lass,
To go where the spirit wills.

The air is filled with a thrill, my lass,
The world is beginning to wake,
For Spring's in the earth and the air, my lass,
And it's over the moor and lake.

Then up with a joy and a hope, my lass,
We'll travel the king's highway,
We'll start with the birds and the spring, my
lass,
And frolic the live-long day.

For the way of life is broad, my lass,
And the springtime zeal is strong,
Then up with a joy and a hope, my lass,
And brighten my way with song.

NIGHT MAGIC

The Herd Girl

A PASTURE land, the evening calm
Falls misty over all.
Across the deep'ning silver gloom
Rings low the herd girl's call.

She flings aside the pasture bars,
The while she dreams pursues,
And softly with her whistle sweet
Her fancies bright renews.

There, still and dark against the sky,
Where night-fall waits above,
She hears the challenge cry of youth,
The call to life and love.

OTHER POEMS

Night-Fall

ORANGE and gold all flung across
And here and there, a tinge
Of purple into yellow melts,
Beneath—the trees, a fringe.

The graying twilight settles down,
The birds have ceased, but hark!
A growing chorus of night things,
And after that—the dark!

NIGHT MAGIC

The Storm

THE rising winds the raindrops lash,
The mighty moan and crick-crack-crash
Of tree on tree beneath!
The frothing waves with thundering roar,
Break wild upon the rock strewn shore
Where hard the breakers seeth.

All green and blue, all gray and black,
The waves hurled fiercely up and back
Show dark against the sky.
The ever-leadening heavens blend
The purple glow, where lightnings rend,
With angry red on high.

But up and over all the blast
Of wave and foamings heavenward cast,
Peals loud the thunder's squall.
And wilder, shriller, as they fling
Their gray-white bodies on the wing,
Shrieks high the sea-gulls call.

OTHER POEMS

As crack and crash, as moan and roar
Rise high on the resounding shore
 And clouds in thunder form,
Up, whirling, raging as it pants
The unmeasured tumult to enhance,
 Maddened, comes the storm.

NIGHT MAGIC

A Blind Man's Thanksgiving

I THINK I see the bright sunshine,
And too, the flicker of the leaves,
The dancing shadows of the tree,—
The shifting patterns that it weaves.

I see the softness of the grass,
The hazy blue of open sky,
The clouds that, white across the blue,
Make sport as they go drifting by.

I see the shimmer of the lake,
The whiteness of the lovely sand,
The blue green thickness of the pines
That, dark, behind the waters stand.

I see the flashing glint and spark
Of all the living things awing
As over pool, or fern, or flow'r,
They poise, and hang, and dart, and swing.

OTHER POEMS

Long years have left me visionless;
And when the deepening darkness preys
Upon the vision of my soul,
And its enduring brightness grays,

I humbly thank my Maker then
That I had vision once to see
What sunshine on a rushing wave,
Or forests deep with shade might be.

NIGHT MAGIC

Living

TO be alive! to smell the scent of burning
leaves,
To revel in the gusts of wind
That send the blood careening through your
veins,
To see the sky all blue, then purple-gold,
And hear the music of a thousand living things,
That's to be alive!

OTHER POEMS

The Storm

HOW black the barren trunks of lofty pines,
Which weave a stately pattern 'gainst the
sky,
Where dull gray spreads too dead to hold the
sun
Which like an orange disk is trembling hung in
space!
The frogs full chorus from the bayou's depths!
Then quickly from the blackening northern sky,
Comes up with rush and roar the rising wind.
The stiff tall pines stand straight, then lean, and
lean,
Then right themselves, and lean, and lean again,
Like some advancing host they downward crash,
The victims of the furious battling storm;
With rising force it crashes on its way,
Its wake—a chaos, silent with despair,
Then like a frightened beast its sullen roar
Falls silent, and a softly sighing wind
Steals through the trees to watch the moon arise.

NIGHT MAGIC

The Conqueror

THE pines, how still, how bare !
And out on brilliant ice and jagged snow
Where blackened sky waits breathless overhead,
The moonbeams rest in rose and purple gleam,
The air hangs cold—the moon is shot with red.

What form is this to dare
To break the stillness, thwart the moonbeams'
sport,
To send those ringing notes so glad and gay
To heaven, and defy the brilliant moon,
To mock the winter and its demons stay?

A shadow blots the moon.
The wind begins to stir the breathless air,
In quick'ning gasps it shakes the lifeless pines,
The brilliant ice has changed to deadly gray,
Which here and there a jagged hole defines.

OTHER POEMS

That merry voice! too soon
The wind 'gins lash him as he bends,
And graceful moves to stride the broad expanse,
The blackness settles down; with deadly moan
The pines now rock, the tumult to enhance.

And still he carols on;
And still the echoes muffled make reply,
And still his strides the rushing wind would
 break,
Past jagged hole or ice-clump's deadly snare
Still struggling on, he gains the outer lake.

And so the night is gone!
At last when morning's purple rays outburst
O'er-shot with red the wondrous dawn disclose,
The silence broods again o'er crystal ice,
And vanquished now are man's demonic foes.

How now! he falls, is down!
Why yields he when his way at last is free,
Why strives he not to conquer pain and cold?
But ah! he rises, battles, and is on
With lagging steps which struggle to be bold.

NIGHT MAGIC

But sleep appalls!
With lurching steps he makes his painful way,
And dragging slowly staggers to his door;
He stiffens now, and "Conqueror," he cries—
Then sinks to deathly sleep, his vigil o'er.

OTHER POEMS

His Trail

HE reeled and swayed from the camp that
night,

He left his trail of red on the white
Of the snow, as he scourged his tired dogs
O'er the jagged ice and the frozen logs.

He left his trail on the frozen air
Of crashing scourging and ravings, where
He cursed the dead dark stillness past
Where the breadth of snow meets the sky at
last.

And back at the end of the trail he'd run
A woman had given her life for his son,
At thought of the dead his brain grew wild
And mad, he cursed the new-born child.

And still back there at the end of the trail
An infant voice sent up its wail
Another being born to cry
And curse in time at the northern sky.

NIGHT MAGIC

He reeled and staggered and swayed and swung,
 Into the night where the stillness hung;
But the treacherous ice demanded prey,
 And the red dawn found him stiff and gray.

OTHER POEMS

Hope

THE days seems dark,
The wind is high,
And rages loud
Through the darkened sky,
But hark to the robin's note!

The raindrops fall,
And the shifting mass
Of threatening clouds
O'er the dull sky pass,
But see! there is blue afloat.

The world seems dark,
But hear the song,
And the rift of blue
Sends our hearts along
With trills from robin's throat.

NIGHT MAGIC

TRAMPING

WE'RE off for a tramp thro' woodlands
and swamps,

We'll swing on our way with the lightest of
feet,

While we thrill with the joy of a life on the
road,

And our hearts sing a song thro' the noon-
tide heat.

We've comrades aplenty to liven the way;

There's the call of the birds and the nod of
the flow'rs,

There's the song of the wind and the scent of
the pine,

If we wish joy in life, for the asking it's ours.

So we'll tramp from the dawn till the set of the
sun

And we'll glory in life, and we'll revel at
sight

Of the beautiful things by the side of the way

Till tramping days end in the Great Journey's
night.

OTHER POEMS

Morning

HEIGHO, 'tis morning! come over the hills,
Drink in the sunshine the morning air
thrills,
Breezes are blowing the flowerets' plume,
Follow the brook past the bluebell's full bloom.

Come tread the fern and the moss as you go,
See where the grasses and wild flowers grow,
Follow the footpath 'neath widespreading trees
Past where the marsh reed bends low with the
breeze.

Heigho, awaken! leave sleep on the wing!
List while the robins their morning lays sing.
Up now, be merry! ere care's on its way,
Laugh hale and hearty, its high holiday!

NIGHT MAGIC

Spring

THE birds have come winging and singing
their way
Up from the southland in brilliant array,
Have come singing and swinging o'er woodland
and glen,
Their piercing note ringing thro' moor and
thro' fen.

Their songs have come wailing and flailing the
air,
With the gladness and sadness of joy and of
care,
Have come sailing and hailing the springtide
anew,
Have come with the paling of wintertide's hue.

Come, list to the lilting and tilting so gay,
And hear the bright message that spring's on
the way,
How the wilting and melting of winter is o'er,
And joy's in the music of God's out-o'-door.

Love Lyrics

Rebirth

HARK! how the song of rapture
Sinks to a moaning gray,
While my love's once throbbing life-beats
Flutter and die away.

Silence, the great gray silence,
Of a sudden deep despair,
While I seek the cool deep woodlands
Plunging I know not where.

I only know that the sad wind
Is telling the brook its tale,
That the somber fir-tree shudders
Wrapped in a mourning veil.

I only know that the sunshine
Has fled from my glad dream-hills;
That the scent of the blown rose-petals
My soul with madness fills.

NIGHT MAGIC

And I pray to my God in anguish,
That the veil of gray may lift
That the cry of my heart be lightened,
That the leaded hours be swift.

And down in the depths of the woodland
Alone with the soul of the earth,
I witness the great Creator
Give my tortured soul new birth.

OTHER POEMS

Homage

WHEN the morn gleams fresh with the
dew, love,
And the winds blow soft from the sea,
The thought of you into my soul, love,
Comes creeping with day's high glee.

Comes from the wind-swept mountains,
From the breath of the new-waked plain,
Comes from the sunshine that hovers
O'er fields agleam with the rain.

When the night has come up from the sea, love,
And the air is so softly still,
Thoughts of you linger near, love,
My longing soul sweetly fill.

And then from the plain and the mountain
The shadows, the moon, and the dew,
Come visions of you, loved and loving,
And the whole world pays tribute to you.

NIGHT MAGIC

To a Soldier

DIDN'T you know when you stood on the
hill

With your hand in mine,
With your hair wreath-twined, and your child
face flushed,

That I was thine?
You were merely a laddie then
And I but nine,
But didn't you know?

Didn't you know as the years went by
In their onward sweep,
And your love quick drew responding love,
From my heart's deep?
You were so very eager then
Reward to reap;
And didn't you know?

OTHER POEMS

Didn't you know when you met your fate
 With the ebbing tide,
With the ship of death went up and on
 That my heart died?
But I had not said I loved you dear,
 Just for fearful pride,
God grant that you knew!

NIGHT MAGIC

"I Love You Still"

IF you should marvel that I love you still,
And loving, have no hope that you my love
return,
(Nor ever in the leaden years to come)—
My only answer to the pain your words would
bring
Could be to falter with my heart gone dead,—
"I love you still!"

But if from down the dreary waste of years,
Which echo dully with the world's harsh dim,
Perchance I hear your name, perchance your
voice,
'Twill in some measure help to fill the void
That echoes only with the words,
"I love you still!"

OTHER POEMS

Come Back Love

THE sun lacks warmth; the wind spring's
cold,
And my soul with scorn is rife,
For the op'ning flower and the greening grass
Fail in their call to life;
My soul gone dead for a thousand years,
(So it seems in the leadened hours)
Heeds not the call of the wooing spring,
Nor the luring scent of flowers;
Come back, love, with your quickening pulse,
With your mad desire to thrill,
Come with the warmth of thy soul's deep fires,
And the call to life, until
My soul shall burn with a newfound life,
And my heart's new hopes shall rise
Till I taste again the glorious joy
Of love that is Paradise!

NIGHT MAGIC

Praise

IF once thro'out the endless chain of years
Which flow unceasing on their onward way,
A stranger ask in some more serious strain,
"Who was your inspiration and your life?"
So full my heart has been, so long unop'ed,
'Twould take but that to make my praises flood
Upon you, like an ocean at high tide,
To urge my tongue to utter words so high,
'Twould show you glorious, mighty, likened to
a god!

OTHER POEMS

A Man's Man

HE'S a man, a man's man,
And he dips his paddle with a mighty
swing,
And his voice can make the echoes ring,
And his heart's all gold.

He's a man, a man's man,
And he carries his hopes so high, come weal
Or woe, he's ablaze with light and zeal,
And he makes the soul of his comrade feel
He's a man—all told.

NIGHT MAGIC

A Woman's Prayer

DEAR God! oh give me strength and inward
sight
To guide with wisdom all my lowly deeds,
That thought and act may be so fraught with
right,
'Twill help him in his daily work and needs!
Oh! help me, God, to give him all I should,
To be to him companion, friend and wife,
A mother to his children, brave and good,
That I may strengthen till I be his life.

OTHER POEMS

I Love Him

I LOVE him, I love him,
And above him in the blue,
Birds always seem to trill with joy,
With happiness anew.

I love him, and the sunshine
Glow brighter every day,
The sorrows of a life time
Grow faint and fade away.

I love him, and oh fortune
Be gracious as before!
Grant me a thousand ages
That I may love him more!

NIGHT MAGIC

Consolation

IF I should never see him more
Should never feel anew
The wonder of his two strong hands,
His spirit tried and true,
The sunshine in his stirring soul,
Despair's most sombre hue
Would fade before the wondrous thought
That I had learned to love,
That all the world was sunshine now
The sky all blue above ;
Since I had learned his presence filled
The splendor of the air,
Since he had come, and made me feel
That God is everywhere.

OTHER POEMS

Prayer

GOD grant that in the long years thro'
I may find work so hard to do
To make me deep enough of soul
To cherish that which is my goal
In only holy light and true.

Grant me, thou God, who gracious art,
True sight to see the better part
Of life, that I may learn to be
Worthy of him who loveth Thee
Worthy to reach his inmost heart.

NIGHT MAGIC

Flood

LIKE the tidal wave of great desire
Quenching a hidden inner fire,
That, flooding our souls with its swish and swirl,
Drifts us on with its endless whirl,
The raging, beating, force of love
Rises our former life above,
And rushing us up on the crest of its wave,
Carries us on.

OTHER POEMS

Enlightment

THAT we might see the glint of sunshine on
the leaves;
The glory of the gold autumnal haze,
The beauty of the wooing winds of spring,
The witchery of summer's changeful ways,
God gave us love.

NIGHT MAGIC

Disillusion

WE love and dream, and oh how fair
The moments passing seem,
Then all too soon we startled wake
To find it but a dream.

At shattered happiness we snatch,
Our hopes, how drear, how few!
When grim reality has dawned
And lovers prove untrue!

OTHER POEMS

To You

WHEN the sky glows with the dawn-
ing,
And the world is passing fair,
A cave man to his cave miss,
I haste to find thee there.

Ah! I search the wooded places,
And I hunt the vine-grown hills,
But my longing finds no outlet
For the hurt of pain that thrills.

E'er illusive through the ages,
While I as of old pursue,
You will ever be the cave miss
I the cave man, after you!

Child Poems

NIGHT MAGIC

The Potato Bug

I DIDN'T know it wasn't good,
It looked so nice and fat, and stood
So small on that potato vine.

It was so pretty and so round,
With black spots on an orange ground,
Looked as if 'twould taste just fine.

So then, I bit it—but you see
Potato bugs aren't good for me,
And—ain't it awful to be nine!

NIGHT MAGIC

Falling Down

ONCE when I fell down the stairs
I hurt myself, and mother, she
Just kissed me without scolding me,
And daddy hugged like everything,
Until it made my heart just sing,
But my! 'twould take a half a town
To tell how I felt falling down!

OTHER POEMS

The Deer-head

THEY always said I was a-scared
To pass the deer-head in the hall,
But I just couldn't be afraid—
They *said* it wouldn't bite at all.

Why, I just couldn't be afraid,
Because its fur was soft and fine,
And all its horns were shiny hard,
But oh! the way big eyes can shine!

NIGHT MAGIC

Relief

WHEN I was very, very small,
And couldn't stay up late at all,
Oh, once I dreamed an awful way
That made me feel like—I can't say!

I dreamed my mother was a-float
And sailing in a little boat,
And then when I began to cry
I woke—and she was there,—and my!

OTHER POEMS

Lullaby

SLEEP, my little baby dear,
oh, sleep, sleep, sleep,
While the shadows drift and scatter
on the deep, deep, deep.
And goblins all are fearful
as they creep, creep, creep,
Round my love.

Rest, my little honey, while
I croon, croon, croon,
And the vapors shift and hover
round the moon, moon, moon,
Your eyelids close in slumber
to the droon, droon, droon
Of my love.

NIGHT MAGIC

Little Boy Blue

LITTLE Boy Blue with the tangled curls,
Come in the meadow with me and play,
Tell me now why the brooklet purls,
Ask again why I sing so gay!

Little Boy Blue with the sleepy cries
Come to my arms while I sing to you,
Where have you vanished, Drowsy Eyes?
Were you a dream, my little Boy Blue?

Who comes a-striding up thro' the gloom,
Who sings as only a lover can,
Is it a stranger lad come home?
'Tis little Boy Blue become a man.

OTHER POEMS

Lullaby

THE wind is crooning low, my honey,
The birdling soar now swift now slow,
The sky is black with clouds, my honey,
Sleep, my little honey—oh.

The leaves are whirling down, my honey,
The trees are bending to and fro,
The rain is hurling hard, my honey,
Sleep, my little honey—oh.

So sleep and dream, my little honey,
Mother watching, holds you so,
All her dreams about you hover,
Sleep, my little honey—oh.

Miscellaneous

Messengers of Peace

THE song of a voice from far away
Flushing the world a sunset rose,
A lovely note on the stillness gray
And deep in the soul a great repose.

A radiant flash in the darken'd sky,
A stir of life through the still night air,
The lilt of a laugh that forbids a sigh,
And the soul's deep joy comes full and fair.

Thus to the soul so deeply sad,
In a rosy mist and the dawn's release,
In words from the heart that is gay and glad,
Steal forth the messengers of peace.

NIGHT MAGIC

Christmas Morn

THE snow glows crimson with flush of dawn,
The morning breathless waits beyond the
hills,
Life, life with its exaltation bears us on,
'Tis Christmas, Christmas morn!

Another day to live a lifetime full,
To revel in exultant joy and hope,
To know that Christ the Saviour reigns supreme,
Love glorifies the morn.



OTHER POEMS

Christmas Hymn

I

EXULT, exult, lift high your heads,
And glad your voices heavenward fling,
Afar 'neath Bethlehem's shining skies,
Is born this day Creation's King.

Refrain :

Lift high your heads, your voices raise,
Exult, exult, be glad and sing,
Let high and low alike proclaim
Jesus the Son of God our King.

II

The eastern skies are flushed with day
Where late the darkened heav'ns fair
With bright and radiant glory flamed,
All glowing 'neath that wondrous star.

Refrain :

NIGHT MAGIC

III

Through every land this Christmas day
Will surge anew glad hope, that sings
In hearts that bow before Thy throne;
Jesus, thou Lord, the King of kings!

Refrain :

OTHER POEMS

Prayer

L ORD, when the tempest rages
Bid me to learn
Strength then to calm my passion;
Bid me to yearn,
High for the things Thou lovest,
Scorning the low,
Glad for the strength Thou givest,
Yearning to know!

NIGHT MAGIC

Just Smile!

IF the works don't pay,
Just smile!
If the sky looks gray
For a while,
Keep a grin on your face,
Keep abreast the merry pace,
And if then you lose your place,
Just smile!

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 384 394 0

